

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.

No. 2
Five Cents a Copy.

MY SOUL IS LIKE A BOULDING BANK.

By J. STEPHENS.

My soul is like a boulding bank,
With wet walls shivering in the wind;
The troubled sea is wild and dark,
The hurricane is close behind.

And closer before the falling roar
Of winds and waves, there comes
On either side, behind, before,
There comes a wavy grave.

But yet she sees no furious gales!
Can stony rocks overwhelm
The world? Can the angry billows
And honor at her feet?

WAS SHE GUILTY?

By FAITH WYNNE,
Author of "The Fleasy Law" Books, &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

Edwin an invaluable assistant in arranging wreaths and bouquets and setting the house in order for coming guests.

When night closed in and the gas shed its musing light over paintings, flowers and statuary, the boy, with Ethel's permission, wandered through the beautiful rooms, odorous of fresh cedar, and richly enjoyed the luxury and warmth and loveliness of his surroundings, contrasting them with the pain and cold and hunger of the night before.

The cheery voices of the coming guests cast an indelible influence over him, and for a time there came to his respite almost a forgetfulness of trouble. But when later in the evening the guests gathered in the hall he lay low at the doorway, and a sense of music touched a cord of memory, recalling all that he had loved and enjoyed, and—lost, and turning sharply away he sought refuge in the Doctor's office, the only unoccupied room, and there gave vent to his feelings in a flood of bitter tears, but an approaching footsteps started him, and he hastily dashed them away, and turned in a half-frightened manner to see, but Doctor Earle stood in the doorway.

"I hope I have not been needed, sir, but Doctor Earle stood in the doorway.

"No, but it is hardly a proper proceeding; a good servant never deserts his post," was the mother's ready reply, but as the light fell upon the sad, pale face, and flooding the beautiful eyes with the moisture of tears still clinging to their long curling lashes, Dr. Earle's heart was touched with pity, and placing a hand lightly on each graceful shoulder, he looked not unkindly down upon the more flushed face. As if by magic, he was himself transported over a wide gulf, that yawned between the now and then, when he too a striking shape by this boy, how in the early days of his orphange, came to this same house to live with his haughty Aunt Helen, and had wept just such bitter tears of loneliness, as perhaps had stirred the fountains of this child's heart, but it seemed ages and ages ago, since his tears had dried up within him.

"I think—unusually I know," said Edwin forcing a smile.

"Will you learn to control your emotions, a lesson we all learn by sad. By the day will come to you as well as the name of us who battle with the world, when you cannot weep if you would, and you will feel like saying to fearful youth, thank God, bless God all ye who never more grieve than you can weep?"

Violet pealed over a fit of sobs, and the boy, with a look of compassion, went to his aid, and wiped away the tears of his bosom.

"Dinah," said Ethel, finally, springing toward the bell rope and surprising her aunt into a slight remonstrance.

"Aunt Helen, you won't object to a display of rare home talent, will you?"

"I do depend," quietly rejoined her aunt.

"Well, I have just decided to have a parlor concert in which Dinah and Mose will be chief musicians!"

"What nonsense, Ethel."

"Not at all, dear, you know how fond I am of negro melodies, and how often I go to the kitchen to hear old Dinah throw her whole soul into 'Way Down Upon the Swanne River,' and I am sure it would be much more comfortable for me in my present state of indisposition to have them come here when I can listen and enjoy, and at the same time repose on this luxurious lounge."

"As you wish," said Mrs. St. Leon, resigning herself to the child's whim.

Edwin looking up into the grave, calm faced, wondered if indeed he had ever wept childish tears, and then fearing to desert his post longer he hastened back to the hall and took refuge in Dinah's motherly presence.

"What hallucination possessed me when that boy is near? That I should converse with him as with an equal is too preposterous, and yet he seems to possess a sort of magnetism that I cannot resist! What delicate organization and refined manners he has," thought the Doctor as he watched the boy's retreating form.

The bell now rang and Edwin admitted a gaudy creature, who with haughty grace ascended to the dressing room. The boy's eyes followed the statuary figure, enveloped in luxurios wraps, half concealing, half revealing the shimmer of silk and glitter of diamonds. And when half way up the stairs she stopped and bent her face toward him. Her glance met his but a brief moment, and yet in that time they felt, only half conscious, perhaps that each life was, in some mysterious manner, to influence the other. A strange shudder passed over the boy and he closed his eyes to dispel the vision of the beautiful woman. A thrill of admiration greeted her entrance to the parlor, but to such homage she was accustomed and received it as her due, and when Dr. Earle bowed over her white gloved hand she knew that he, too, in spite of his apparent indifference to female charms was conscious of her dazzling beauty, and she was instinctively aware that his gaze followed her sinuous movements thro' the throng, and her face expressed no surprise when a little later he found his way to her side, when she regarded the crown of her triumph this morning from the cold, hitherto impulsive Dallas Earle.

"Dak's Queen of de Lillies," whispered Mrs. from his secret post of observation.

"I shouldn't call her a lily," quietly responded Edwin.

"Why, isn't she as white as one?" said Mose. "Yes, her face, and her dress too, but, is her heart?" said Edwin, in dreamy forgetfulness of the person addressed.

"Well, no, if it's like other editor's hearts I 'spose it's red," Mose replied, looking curiously at the statue, and then, when she was unmercifully at the headmost couple, in appearance so well matched, and yet, who was there in the fair show of this aristocratic beauty to remind one of a Whited Sepulchre? What in these innocent eyes to suggest a beauty?"

"Brave Edwin, your voice will doubtless make your fortune some day," exclaimed Ethel clapping her little hands.

"But a picayune he can play on the piano too," said Mose, and Ethel followed the suggestion by asking him to go to the instrument.

"And now, Edwin, it is your turn to contribute to my entertainment! You sing!" cried Ethel.

"I used to," he replied sadly, as tho' the chain that yawned between the now and then were wide and deep.

"One would suppose you were quite a Methusalem 60 hours young; but as to to 't, I'm sure it cannot be so long ago that you've forgotten all your old song," said Ethel.

Edwin could only sigh, tho' the effort required all his strength of will to another the soft tones that were clanging in his utterance.

The sweet tones of a solo voice, as no tales of woe could be, of ranged voices of sickness, sin or death, nor did the boy's melodious song reveal aught of the bitter-sweet memories it evoked of pain, his heart's ever present guest.

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"And now," was the hesitating reply, and beyond that no one replied.

With Edwin music was a passion, and his joy to prove the very keys once more for a brief time brought forgetfulness, and he played like one inspired by the very spirit of melody.

"Where did you learn to play so correctly?" asked Mrs. St. Leon, quite surprised at the boy's ability.

"At home," was the hesitating reply, and beyond that no one replied.

mocking laugh, as Charles Du Vore emerged from behind a screen of tall plants.

"I trust you may find this paragon worthy of your confidence; but behold! Speak of Apollo and we shall see their wings," she said, waving her ebony hand toward him.

"I am about to make a slight addition to the table," he explained to Dr. Earle.

"Very well, Edwin, I believe Miss Ethel trusts to you to teach."

"And I have to Miss Ethel who will prove a treasure trove, my blue-eyed boy, for in this day and generation a servant with light fingers is not hard to find, but one with tasteful hands is indeed a prima. I have heard of your accident, Edwin, and can assure you have a history! When I was a child, an old Gipsy told me I possessed the art of necromancy. Look my child, and let me see what awaits you." And Edwin's fair hands rested lightly on his shoulders.

"I am going to make a slight addition to the table," he explained to Dr. Earle.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

3

OUTWARD BOUND.

*Starting, Sunday, from down to deck,
Till the heavy freight dies away;
And the morn comes with the sunrise sea,
And all the sparkle of the sun;*

*Starting, Sunday, while golden stars
Scent the air with their perfume;*

*And starry light leaps over below,
Slow, smooth, and purple, and red;*

Till we see out the calm, clear sun of life,

The sun of pleasure, the storm-winch of

the world—

*Out into strange mysterious spaces,
Till God shall bid us a landing place.*

*Drifting, drifting in lands unknown,
From the land of love and care;*

Far away in a home-moved

And a heart that's yearning there;

*Home, where to that haven unknown
Is the tender love that waits;*

Far, far west from the sea of life,

The bright sun of pleasure, the storm-winch of

the world—

Out to the horizon, out to a shore,

Where life is love forevermore.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



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Address to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
WILLARD BRIDGES, 97 SIXTH SEVENTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 4, 1877.

FIFTY-SIX YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

Forty-six years ago to-day, on August 4, 1821, the SATURDAY EVENING POST first saw the light, and its initial number was sent out to receive the verdict of the public. The history of its long and varied career, from that period to this, is full of interest, showing, as it does, that a family paper, conceived in the proper spirit and carried on in the proper style, will be adequately supported by the reading community of this country.

Of course the POST had its struggles in the outset, but, as soon as its aims and merits were appreciated, it met with continual and earnest friends, who hastened to give it their countenance and aid. From that period to this the POST has been an institution in journalism, and has circled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, until its name has everywhere become as familiar as a household word. At this hour "the oldest literary and family paper in the United States" has a place in hearts that the passing years have only tended to strengthen.

As we said in these columns last week, at the commencement of our fifty-seventh volume, the POST has never pandered to vicious tastes in literature, but has invariably given its readers matter of the very best and most beautiful description, shunning so far as possible the sensational and morbid. In other words, the POST has always been a paper for the home-circle in all that the words imply, a paper that parents have never been afraid that their children should read.

Since its foundation, the many proprietors of the POST have ever employed the best literary talent procurable, and to its columns some of the most noteworthy writers of both this country and Europe have copiously contributed, among them the celebrated Edgar Allan Poe, who wrote for it his famous prophetic analysis of Dickens' "Barnaby Rudge," which he founded on the opening chapters of that renowned romance.

To-day the POST fully maintains its enviable reputation of the past, and in old age is bold, hearty and vigorous. Its present management have determined that its course shall be still upward and onward, and, with this view, no exertion will be spared to render it a model for imitation in the ranks of literary journalism.

Since the POST has been under our control, it has shown most encouraging signs of even surpassing financial prosperity, and hundreds of its oldest patrons have extended to us the hand of cordial welcome. To our old and new subscribers we would say that it shall be our constant study to furnish them with a paper with which they may always be thoroughly satisfied.

In the compass of a brief editorial like the present we have not the space for a full account of the POST's history. We are, however, preparing a detailed article on the subject for publication in an early number.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

It is not possible within the narrow limit of a newspaper article to speak fully upon either the merits or defects of this truly great man. He was a writer who was no slinger at one time as to cast a shadow upon the appreciation of the English public. Yet to-day he rises to a worth of fame not enjoyed by any fiction-writer who uses the English tongue. One great Frenchman, Balzac, an author who was nearly contemporaneous with Thackeray, was his superior; and his superior only because he dared to touch the slime and dirt of humanity's character, which Thackeray was too pur-minded to do. This is the only superiority of which the Frenchman can boast over his English comrade. If this can be called superiority, a certain agreement exists of literary theory. Thackeray is the English Balzac.

What we mean that he thought nothing but human unwholesomeness. He was held in the clubs entirely saturated in the social circles. He thus presented a cynic. The smile and wit for his "Book of Souls."

One of his club used to say:

"William Thackeray; he's too wise to let me into the point exactly."

He was too wise for them. Few, if any, however, know that he was a man of taste through and through.

He was, indeed, more prone, more witty, more clever than any one over whom William Makepeace Thackeray looked.

The job has a cycle; are half and strong. Thackeray looked

profoundly, but he also, like a student of natural history, was fond of studying individual traits of the species. Thackeray is called a hater of women, and yet if the reader only takes the trouble to read "Pendennis" (it is not much trouble), he will find at least two charming women, painted in the most beautiful manner. Pendennis' mother and Laura are exquisite. True in "Henry Esmond," the true and noble heroine is the couple's wife. In a little story of his called "The Bawdwick," he paints a sweet and unwholesome woman, and in this he imitates nature constantly. He paints what he sees. He does not call every woman a devil or an angel. There are differences. Balzac does the same thing, and while he paints the revolting and disgusting aspects of the sex which Thackeray never was low-minded enough to do, he portrays angels and, as far as earth is concerned, Read Balzac's "Cesar Birotteau," and notice the lovely character of the performer's wife. Read Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," and notice the difference between Beatrix and her mother.

All this shows a consummate artist.

Not an artist in the sense of mere description, but a higher artist in the sense of soul-painting. Rawdon, in "Vanity Fair," is a rascal, yet how we pity, how we love him. Notice his adoration of "Little Rawdon." Becky Sharp has her good points, and so has that rascally son of the Earl of Crabb, in "The Yellowplush Papers." There has been nothing in literature finer than this latter piece of humor. The tragedy told in the valet of the human heart shown by the clown. Why talk of George Eliot's labored intricacies called novels, and compare the woman's work with the man's? Could George Eliot write Jeunesse Yellowplush? Never. There is the humor of nature, the humor of life in it. There is the sadness, the disappointment, the depravity of life in it. It is a masterpiece. Balzac could never have written it, because the French, with all their talent, have no moral fitness.

Thackeray was thoroughly masculine. He was as pure as fire. He was as force as fire. He criticized humanity, and he laughed at it, and yet he liked humanity to laugh at him. Dickens had no love for his kind, despite his works. Thackeray had a kind, deep love. Thackeray would be the very man to laugh at you, and yet would put his arms about you and lift you up, and comfort you in the time of need. Read his works to convince you of all this. The pathos of them will convert you.

Thackeray paints a consistent villain as no one else has done. Read "Harry Lydon," and see for yourselves what a consummate rascal he can portray—a thoroughly earnest and thoroughly depraved rascal. Read "Catherline," and then read his charming preface to "Pendennis" respecting the conventional villains. There has never been a better villain depicted than Philip's father—a fraud of the first water—a scamp whom we have met very often.

Yet with all this, there is the female humor which cannot be repressed. We may take any author at his best, he decidedly shines best in short sketches. So also does Thackeray. His esquisses magnificent. "The Memorials of Gormandizing" out Brillat-Savarin. This essay makes one's mouth water. It is as piquant as a salad. His wonderful "Men and Coats" ought to be twenty times longer. The Parisian Sketches are always delicious, and nobody we ever read could equal him in spicy correspondence for a journal.

That he is misunderstood and ill-appraised oft times is to be deplored, but William Makepeace Thackeray stands, to-day, at the representative fiction-writer of literary England.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

While we certainly cannot approve of the blood-and-thunder romances of travel and adventure that now-a-days flood the sensational story papers devoted primarily to the boys and girls of the land, we are firmly of opinion that well-regulated, healthy fiction is just the thing for children to read, and believe conscientiously that those parents who exclude it from their home-circles do their offspring a gross injustice.

Children with their imperfectly formed minds, cannot relish the learned and staid writings which interest grown-up people, and, what is more, will read them, unless forced to, when they become fatigued, and tend easily towards disengaging the youngsters with literature altogether. Now, children, from infancy, have devoured big fat stories, and if not allowed to satisfy their tastes in this particular, under the eye and with the approbation of their parents, will, in nine cases out of ten, seek the enjoyment clandestinely, and thus naturally fall victims to the blood-and-thunder literature of the day that is so plentiful and so easy of access.

A wise parent, far from prohibiting his children from reading stories, will encourage them in it, but will at the same time exercise a thoughtful supervision over all they read. By this means not only is a praiseworthy taste for literature early engrossed on the youthful mind, but the boys and girls are also definitely educated in a thousand different ways, all alike worthy of entire commendation. We say to parents, let your sons and daughters read fiction as they choose to begin, but be very careful what kind of fiction it is.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

WHENEVER there is a hot spell combined with drought the papers of the great cities make a loud ado about the waste of water by private individuals. The Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, in the following article, by a statement of affairs at the Hub, shows that waste of water from other causes than individual carelessness exists at all times: "Some facts are developed that put a new face upon the alleged waste of water with which cities are charged. Investigations have shown that reservoirs always leak, and two per cent. of loss comes from this source. The evaporation from reservoirs approaches one per cent. in Boston. The underground pipes often leak. Leaks may continue many months without being found: these have been detected which cost two per cent. of the whole quantity of water needed to a city. Bad plumbing in another sense of the word.

From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio, we have received the following pieces of news: "One Little Year Ago," a moderately difficult song and chorus, with pretty melody and excellent words; "The Good Old Days Gone By," a fairly difficult quartette, with appropriate words and music; and "Vivid Waters," a difficult and interesting piece.

HOME CULTURE.

VII

SELF-TRAINING; A COMPANION TO THE "YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled by SETH LEE in America,

BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER II.

CALLS AND CARDS.

Who comes to make a formal call, Merely to criticize or call, When served to the party wait My husband—Punch.

Well-dressed, well-looked, well-carried, Is ticket good enough to readily Through every door—Punch.

the serving of tea and the fulfillment of required entertainments.

It is the rule for visits of form or semi-formal calls that we now overlook to see which are best adapted to our mode of life. The custom of making formal morning calls is only submitted to because of its absolute necessity; call being, in part, the basis upon which that great structure, society, rests. American men are exercised from morning calls because their days are occupied with business as a general rule; but, in order that they may be remembered by their casual acquaintances and by those who entertain, their cards are made to represent their owners, and are left either by some member of their respective families or by some acquaintance calling. Many of our men have adopted the simple custom of calling in the evening, where they wish to do more than leave a card. When a gentleman is not admitted, the first time he calls, whether it be in the morning or evening, he leaves one card for the married lady of the house, one for her husband with his name, and one folded across the middle of the card, his name and address. The card is left for the family. After a dinner invitation he calls in person; or, if a married man, his wife calls and leaves his card with her own, during the week following the dinner. If one of the cards bears their names together, as Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith, this card turned down is left for the lady, if she is not receiving, and one, with the husband's name alone, is left for the host. No separate card of the husband is left for the unmarried members of a family, unless one of them has left a card upon him, or their are as such as to require it; or when other exceptions to the general rule make it desirable to do so. If guests are staying over, all the cards must also be left upon them; or, if calling upon guests, where you do not know the host and hostess, you must inquire if the ladies are at home; and not being admitted, leave cards for the host and hostess, as well as for the guests; as this is one of the hall marks of good breeding. There are many who would like to dispense with this formality, who still feel themselves obliged to observe it because of their early training. Again, like young persons of either sex who have been educated in the country, and brought into the society of a city, what means have they of learning its customs, excepting through dreary hasty lessons of experience, which their sensibility might well have been spared had such a task as Miss Burney proposed been put into their hands.

Bulwer says: "Just as the drilled soldier sees a much finer fellow than the raw recruit, because he knows how to carry himself, but after a year's discipline the raw recruit may excel in martial art the upright hero whom the world despairs of." Could George Eliot write Jeunesse Yellowplush? Never.

There is the humor of nature, the humor of life in it. There is the sadness, the disappointment, the depravity of life in it. It is a masterpiece. Balzac could never have written it, because the French, with all their talent, have no moral fitness.

THROUGHOUT July, England experienced an abnormally cold spell, greatly in contrast to the broiling weather in the United States in that month. The nights were unusually cold, and the heavy rains were very heavy falling. The English crowds are maturing very slowly, and reports are unfavorable, both as to harvesting within a reasonable period, and as to realizing an average yield. This, of course, adds to the favorable prospects of American grain, because it promotes the scarcity abroad and keeps up prices.

AUSTIN Nevada has a Living Club.

Those who are very able have according to what we read to us, come to the meeting up to a recent meeting and said: "The telegraph company are now using a quadruplex system over the Virginia and Salt Lake circuit, by means of which four messages may be sent simultaneously over a single wire.

The reply was: "I do not know what the customs of to-day are, in New York society, but I do know that the old families observe the same punctilios respecting the required courtesies of life, which the laws of the universe prevent all things from returning to chaos. Some of these laws of social life, differ in different lands, although not those that are most essential in the regulation of conduct and behavior. Everywhere children are taught that affection and pretense are vulgarities; that it is a vulgarity to yawn without making some effort to suppress it, or without concealing the mouth; to whistle or hum in the presence of older persons, or to use any monotonous noise; to talk with napkin rings, or with any article of the table during meal-time, to play with the teeth with the fingers, or to clean the nail-side of one's dressings, to lounge about, or when in the presence of company, to place the elbows on the table, or to lean upon it, while talking, to take hold of persons or to touch them with familiarity while talking with them, to speak of persons by their first names when you would not address them if they were present, to inquire the habit of saying "you know," "says he" and "says she," to use slang words, to talk, to scratch the head, to whisper in company, to hide the mouth with hand when speaking, to point at anyone or anything with the finger, to laugh at one's own stories or remarks, to talk articles instead of handing them, and to take anything without thanking the one who waits upon you (excepting at table) he is a superior, an equal, or an inferior. Everywhere, also, children are taught that it is a rudeness to stand in the way without instantly moving when another tries to pass; not to say, in any way inconvenient some one, starting up suddenly and rushing from the room without asking to be excused; going before older persons who ride into the room, to precede you when leaving a room with a chair, to sit in the chair during meal-time, to play with the teeth with the fingers, or to clean the nail-side of one's dressings, to lounge about, or when in the presence of company, to place the elbows on the table, or to lean upon it, while talking, to take hold of persons or to touch them with familiarity while talking with them, to speak of persons by their first names when you would not address them if they were present, to inquire the habit of saying "you know," "says he" and "says she," to use slang words, to talk, to scratch the head, to whisper in company, to hide the mouth with hand when speaking, to point at anyone or anything with the finger, to laugh at one's own stories or remarks, to talk articles instead of handing them, and to take anything without thanking the one who waits upon you (excepting at table) he is a superior, an equal, or an inferior. 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